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GENERAL DIRECTORY.

County Officials.

Judges of the Circuit Court—James A. Pearce, Chief Judge; Edwin H Brown and William R Martin, Associates Terms—jury, 1st Monday in April and October; non-jury, 2d Monday in January, 4th Monday in June.

Clerk of the Circuit Court—Thomas L. Day.

County Commissioners—Wesley Jarrell, Pres.; James B. Wright, Franklin P. Medford.

Judges of the Orphans' Court—John F. Dawson, Chief Judge; J. Olan Clark, Wm. H. Deen, Associates.

School Commissioners—Thomas W. Jones, President; Henry C. Fisher and Albert W. Sisk.

School Examiner and Secretary—W. S. Crouse.

Register of Wills—Robert J. Jump.

States Attorney—T. Alan Goldsborough.

Sheriff—Wm. T. Hignutt, of E.

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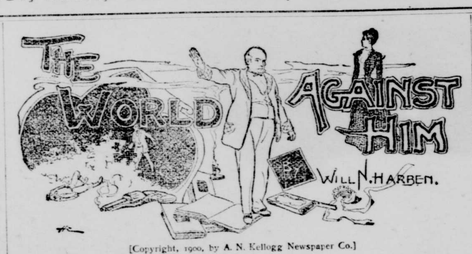
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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Ronald is the one promising member of the Fanshaw household, unappreciated by any of the others, save his brother David. The preceding summer he had saved the life of Evelyn, second daughter of Col. Hasbrooke, the county's greatest planter, and whose splendid home was known as "Carnleigh."

CHAPTER II.—At Carnleigh, James Hardy, a Charleston cotton merchant and tailor for the hand of Caroline, Hasbrooke's eldest daughter, and Capt. Winkle, an admirer of Evelyn, are guests. Evelyn's school days over, Ronald meets her by chance, when she again thanks him for the fight he had made with the angry bull which had threatened her life. She is glad of rebuke he had given Winkle, but a few minutes before, who had contemptuously thrown him a coin for a little fishing bait.

CHAPTER III.—Ronald, returning home with his brother, is overtaken by the Hasbrooke trap. Winkle, hooding the reins, tries deliberately to ride Ronald down; the strap coming so near as to knock the basket in his hand to the ground. Ronald determines to have satisfaction.

CHAPTER IV.—The next morning, with two revolvers in his pockets, Ronald makes his way to a place where Winkle may be met. Winkle refuses to fight a man in Ronald's position in life. Ronald, bent on humiliating the coward, grasps him by the collar and deliberately cuts off the buttons and shoulder straps from his uniform. Winkle sneaks back to the house. Evelyn, who had been gathering flowers, tells Ronald she had been eavesdropping. Sorry for what he had done in anger, begged her the buttons and shoulder straps that they might be put again on the captain's coat.

CHAPTER V.—That night in the drawing-room at Carnleigh, Hasbrooke tells the sad story of Mrs. Lancaster, one of his guests. In early life during the war, her husband, a confederate officer, had been killed by mountain bushwhackers, and her baby lost, perhaps killed. A little later Capt. Winkle gives a colored account of his meeting with Fanshaw. By a sly stroke Evelyn shows him she knows the true version. When he finds her alone, he threatens to tell her father of her being in correspondence with Fanshaw. She denies having learned of the affair in this way, saying she was a witness, and tells of having the buttons and shoulder straps in her possession.

CHAPTER VI.—One July morning Ronald finds a lynching bee on. A woman has been murdered for her money, and the suspect, caught with blood-stained hands and considerable money, had escaped from the sheriff and known to be in hiding in a swamp. Young Fanshaw determines to thwart the mob.

CHAPTER VII.—The mob beats the swamp, but Ronald goes from man to man, trying to dissuade them from their purpose of lynching the negro when captured. Evelyn learns of his noble course, and wants to write a note of encouragement. Mrs. Lancaster, who has been made a confidante, disapproves, but compromises by writing such a note herself.

CHAPTER VIII.—It is after dark when the fugitive is finally captured. Ronald speaks to the crowd, and, on the pretext of showing the crowd how small the prisoner is, he lifts the lad to the saddle, wheels his horse, and is off for the jail at Danville. Sydney Hart, ringleader of the mob, finding himself thwarted, fires at the fleeing figure, but David knocks the gun barrel up, so that no one is hurt. Evelyn anxiously watches the road until in speedy morning she sees him safely return to his home.

CHAPTER IX.—At the breakfast table the guests at Carnleigh hear of the capture of a negro who has confessed to the killing of the woman, and Ronald is highly praised. Mrs. Lancaster, who had been struck by the resemblance of Ronald to her lost husband, calls at the Fanshaws. She learns of Ronald's love for Evelyn, but also that on account of their different stations in life, he has no hope of winning her.

CHAPTER X.—Hart, thwarted on the ... attempted lynching, seeks a ... with Ronald. Ronald, warned by ... prayed when the Cash comes, Hart is mounted, and during the fusillade one of the shots takes effect, and he falls mortally wounded. Thad Williams, one of the Hart gang, rides up just in time to hear the man's last words.

CHAPTER XI.—Ronald, burdened with knowledge of having killed a man, starts to give himself over to Sheriff Ratcliff. He meets Evelyn, who is out in her pony-cart. She offers to drive him to Ratcliff's house, but he objects to compromising her by letting them be seen together at this time. She, however, carries her point. On the way they meet Capt. Winkle.

CHAPTER XII.—Ronald is driven to the jail at Danube. The judge is found to be away, it being Saturday, so Fanshaw is locked up until Monday.

CHAPTER XIII.—On reaching home Evelyn is coldly taunted by her sister Caroline for defending Ronald, who, according to Winkle's account, had been guilty of cold-blooded murder. In the meantime Winkle has gone to Hasbrooke with his story of the duel, and says he had seen Fanshaw and Evelyn riding together toward the railway station, presupposing an elopement. Hasbrooke rings to call his daughter, but she has to confirm that part of the story as to her having been with Ronald after the killing of Hart. After Winkle leaves, Evelyn tells her father of her love for Ronald, a sad blow to the latter.

"Tell me how it came about," she said.

For a moment Evelyn seemed drawn out of a stupor of gloomy reflections.

"He had threatened to kill Ronald," she began—"to kill him on sight—and Ronald's brother gave him a—"

"Oh, I mean how did you ever happen to fall in love with such a creature as he is?" broke in Miss Hasbrooke, almost angrily. "How can you admit such a thing, when you remember who and what the Hasbrookes are?"

"I have never thought of them as being gods, nor even angels," Evelyn blurted out, and then she laid a firm, determined hand on her sister's arm. "I must beg you, Caroline, to leave me alone this evening. I cannot bear to hear you run him down for what he cannot help. Please go!"

Caroline drew herself up from her chair and moved to the door with a step full of dire prophecy. "I shall not tell father," she repeated. "No, I shall not tell him."

"But I shall," answered Evelyn. "I am helpless to aid the man I love—the man I'd die for willingly, but I shall not conceal the truth from a single soul. At least I can do that much. I can be true to him. I shall not deny him."

Caroline leaned on the swinging door, her cold, vindictive face rested on her arm. It was on the tip of her tongue to make an angry retort, but she evidently thought dumb silence on her part would be more crushing, so with a look of forced incredulity on her face she turned away. "I shall not tell father," came like a belated echo from the hall. "I shall not be the one to break his heart."

The colonel had come in from a tiresome ride across his domain and sat in his study looking over some legal papers. The soft light of a German student lamp brought his fine face out strongly and clearly from the darkness round him. He had spread the papers on the top of his mahogany desk. Only the day before he had insured his life for another large amount, and he was thinking of making a will which would divide his property equally between his two daughters. One of the servants approached with a card.

"Tell Capt. Winkle," said he, as he glanced at the card, "that I cannot see him to-night, unless it is something of importance."

"He said it was very important, suh," The old man fumbled his papers with nervous fingers.

"It has come at last," was the thought in his mind; "but she shall not be coerced. I shall never ask a child of mine to marry against her inclinations, and Evelyn has acted strangely in regard to him.

"Well, send him in here, Nebo, and then see that we are not disturbed."

Col. Hasbrooke opened the door of a big iron safe and thrust into it his papers. He remained standing, his eyes on the door. Capt. Winkle were riding boots and held his gloves and whip in his hands as he entered.

"I dropped in only for a minute, colonel." That was his greeting, but it was a cold one, unlike the young officer's usual suavity. Indeed, his tone seemed almost to carry a menace. The colonel's perception was keen, and he fell to wondering and drawing hasty deductions.

"You are always welcome at Carnleigh, Capt. Winkle. Nebo, take the captain's things. What will you drink, sir?"

Winkle... the servant away, and stood watching him till he had gone, then he leaned on the ... of a chair.

"I called to see you in regard to your daughter," he said, still coldly. "I hope you will pardon the informality of my visit, colonel."

"I must admit that I suspected that you might wish to speak of her—of Evelyn," answered the old man, now reassured as to Winkle's intentions.

Capt. Winkle started. It had flashed upon him that he was being misunderstood, and yet there was a dogged something in his eyes which seemed to say that a little thing like a temporary misunderstanding—even in so delicate a matter—would amount to nothing as an offset against the humiliation Evelyn's conduct had brought him. Hasty reflection on this line made him unusually blunt of speech.

"Yes, I want to talk to you about her, but not in the way you perhaps anticipate, Col. Hasbrooke," said the captain, almost patronizingly. "I felt it my duty as a personal friend of yours to come directly to you."

"It must be a proposal, after all," thought the old gentleman, whose face was divesting itself of its look of perplexity, "the fellow is badly rattled." He waved his hand towards the captain's chair and sat down himself. Winkle took his seat and crossed his tightly clad legs, his spurs jingling as he moved.

"That's right, Capt. Winkle," went on the older man, "that's always best; I like the old way—a father has the biggest interest in a daughter after all has been said."

Winkle's attention seemed not to fasten to this last remark.

"May I ask if Miss Evelyn is at home?" he asked, introductively.

Hasbrooke could not restrain a smile. He told himself that he had never dreamt that Winkle would be knocked off his feet by such a formality, and yet it showed that the fellow was hard hit, and that was what he ought to be.

"I don't know," replied he, "but," he added, "of course she is; she is never out so late as this alone, and she went for a drive shortly after dinner. Shall I send up your card?" The colonel reached out for the old-fashioned tasseled bell-pull.

"I should like to know if she is at home, for sure," said Winkle; "if—if she is, there can be no immediate danger—though I feel certain—"

"Danger!" ejaculated the colonel, "what the devil do you mean, sir?"

"Colonel, you may regard me as meddling where I have no right, but I flatter myself that you cannot fail to appreciate a thing done purely in your interest, and under a sense of duty. The truth is, I saw Miss Evelyn in the cart with Ronald Fanshaw driving rapidly away from the scene of the shooting. They were going towards the railroad station. I have hesitated for three hours over what I ought to do, and at last—"

The colonel stepped towards him, and raised his two hands as if to clutch the speaker's throat, but he restrained his fury and stood staring in Winkle's face.

"What damnable nonsense is this?" he thundered.

"I have known for some time, colonel," answered Winkle, calmly, "that she was falling in love with this fellow; but I could not feel that I had the right to speak—"

Hasbrooke was as pale as death, and he shook from head to foot as a man with palsy. He put his hands behind him and held them tightly one in the other.

"You have made a serious, culpable mistake, sir," he said. "I don't believe my daughter has even a speaking acquaintance with Fanshaw—if she has that—and as to your extravagant statement that you saw her—"

"I am your friend, Col. Hasbrooke," protested the younger man, quickly, "and I do not want to leave your house until I am assured that your daughter is safe under your roof. Every minute we are talking here may be valuable to you. Let me beg of you to ascertain if she is at home."

"You shall have your wish, sir." The old man's step across the room to the bell-pull was majestic. As he drew the silken cord toward him he smiled.

"You shall certainly have your proof," he said, "and then"—the old soldier looked significantly at the door and bowed.

James entered softly and stood waiting.

"Ask Evelyn—say to her," corrected the colonel, "that I should like to see her here for only a minute. But, hold; has she returned from her drive?"



"WHAT DAMNABLE NONSENSE IS THIS?" HE THUNDERED.

"Yes suh; des a minute 'fo' you got back, suh."

The colonel swept a triumphant glance at Winkle, and then concluded his command to the servant.

"Ask her to come down."

"I trust," said the captain, when the man had withdrawn, "that you will pardon my fear that—that the couple really had the intention of eloping; but, seeing them together at such a time, I was naturally disposed to wonder what could have caused such a meeting; and a few minutes later, when I came across the dead man, and learned that Fanshaw had killed him, it was natural that I should think—"

"You shall be convinced, sir," burst from Hasbrooke's lips, "that you have had an attack of blindness that is dangerous to the reputation of honorable women!"

"I shall not dispute with you, colonel," said Winkle, in a conciliatory tone; "but I passed as near them as I am to you now. I shall leave it to her. She will not deny my statement."

The old officer shrugged his shoulders in stern unbelief, and five minutes of sullen silence bore down on the two men. It was lifted by the approach of Evelyn. Both men were on their feet as she entered the room. Capt. Winkle bowed low, but no word of greeting passed his lips. Her father placed a chair for her, but she signified her desire to stand. Her lip curled with disdain as her eyes fell on Winkle's face, and then she gave her undivided attention to her father.

"You are to decide a point between Capt. Winkle and myself," began the old man, as he released her hands, which he had taken to lead her to the chair. "He is sure he saw you in the cart with Fanshaw, driving away from the scene of the tragedy. I, of course, firmly denied it."

Evelyn held her head high, her arms tightly folded; she seemed to have stopped breathing.

"Capt. Winkle is quite right," she answered, in a low, tense tone.

The colonel reeled as if he were dizzy. For the ensuing moment there was no other sound in the room save his labored breathing. Suddenly he steadied himself before her, his eyes expanded.

"Are you crazy, my child?" he blurted out.

"Almost!" Evelyn laughed harshly. "The only man I ever loved as women love once in their lives is facing the most horrible crisis of his existence. I happened to meet him on his way to give himself up to the sheriff, and, as I love him and wanted to be with him as much as possible, to comfort him, and assure him of my fidelity, I insisted on driving him to Ratcliff's. He begged me not to insist on it, but I would have it so. If you cast me off a million times I shall have all the more heart to bestow on him—the more pity in his sorrow!"

The old soldier seemed to wither like a plant under a fierce heat; his hands hung limply at his sides for a moment, and then he drew himself up as erect as if he were on parade and faced his visitor.

"You have rendered me a valuable service, Capt. Winkle," he said distantly, "and I hope some day to be able to show better appreciation for it."

He moved backward to the bell-pull, his eyes studiously avoiding those of his child.

"Capt. Winkle's horse!" he called out to the servant. His words rang like pieces of falling metal.

When Winkle had gone, Hasbrooke stood for a moment eying his daughter sorrowfully, then he sank into his big revolving chair and lowered his head to the desk. Evelyn looked down on him pityingly, and then she stepped to him and laid a cold white hand on his head.

"Father," her voice cut sharply into the silence. "I love you as fondly as any daughter ever loved a father, but as sure as God is in Heaven that love will die—you will kill it if you turn against me in my first hour of actual woe! I am suffering for the man I love as I never fancied even a lost soul could suffer, and yet you have no pity for me. You demanded more in your daughter, but I tell you I demand more in a father! God made me love Ronald Fanshaw; He did it by opening my eyes to his greatness of mind and character. I will not allow you to insult him by your tears," her voice rose to a sharp command and she stamped her small foot. "I will not, I say!"

The white head was raised. The old man's eyes gleamed with the fires of despair; but as they rested on the calm, undaunted face of his best-loved child their glance wavered.

"Do you mean that, Evelyn—my God—are you in earnest?"

"Thoroughly in earnest, father; you have often told me about the strength of the Carnleigh women in their love. Would the Carnleigh you wedded have allowed her father to weep because of her love for you?"

The colonel stretched out two trembling hands and took hers in his grasp.

"You are right, my daughter, in a way"—he kissed her lightly on the brow—"but I am right, too. Pardon me if I have been impolite; you and I have never had a disagreement before, but I can see farther than you—the light of calm reason is stronger than the flare of infatuation. Now go to bed, and let me think; ah, let me think!"

Without a word she moved away. At the door she turned and looked back. He stood where she had left him, his arms folded as if in death. "It is awful! My God, it is awful!" she heard him muttering.

CHAPTER XIV.

All that night Ronald Fanshaw lay awake. The coming of dawn—its first gray streaks in the east—was like the sight of land to a starving, shipwrecked man, and yet when the sun was up its genial rays failed to disperse the shadows in his heart; he found that it ached as well by day as by night.

After breakfast Mr. Redding called to see him.

"Well, this is a pretty howdy-do!" he exclaimed, in a cheery voice, as the iron door clanged to after him. "The sheriff rode out to King's plantation last night to tell me the news, but I couldn't get back till this mornin'. He's been on guess'...you out o' this if he can."

"I am aw... you in such a disagreeable... turned Ronald.

Redding thoughtfully pinched his nose between his thumb and forefi...

"Ratcliff told me the particulars said, frowning a little. "There is no ... over spilt milk—or spilt blood, either. This case will give you a chance to practice a little on your own hook. The main thing is to keep a stiff upper lip and take a cheerful view."

"I am afraid I take a dejected view of it," said Ronald. "You will find me a hopeless sort of client. I feel so awfully knocked out over taking a human life that even the prospect of being publicly justified does not brighten my horizon."

"I can sympathize with you, my boy," the voice of the lawyer softened and he pinched his nose again. "I once told you—or rather I hinted at a great sorrow in my life—a big drawback to my energies, well—" Redding broke off and waved his hand, as he sometimes did when expression failed him.

"I remember you hinted at some disagreeable occurrence; but as you were unmarried—"

"My trouble didn't wear petticoats," interrupted the lawyer, forcing a little smile, and as he went on his face grew more serious than it had ever appeared to Ronald. "It took place right down thar in front of the courthouse door—just after the close of the war. I never pass in or out of the building without stepping over his body. People don't mention it to me now; I sometimes wish they would rank it with other events in my career; it's their danged silence that hurts.

"Me'n him was candidates for the leg-

continued on last page.

PROVERBS.

Conscience.

A clear conscience is a soft pillow.

A quiet conscience sleeps ...der.

A clear conscience makes a joyful countenance.

Heaven and hell are in our conscience.

It is always term-time in the court of conscience.

A bad conscience flies from the light as the devil from the Cross

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To live with no conscience is to live like a beast.

To live with good conscience, is a perpetual feast.

Preserve your conscience always soft and sensitive. If but one sin force its way into that tender part of the soul and dwell easy there, the road is paved for a thousand iniquities.

A good conscience is to the soul what health is to the body; it preserves constant ease and serenity within us, and more than countervails all the calamities and afflictions which can befall us without.

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Clerk—"I am to be married shortly. Couldn't you manage to increase my salary a little?"

Employer—"Couldn't really. But I'll tell you what I'll do for you, my boy. I'll shorten your hours during the first three months, so that you can spend your evenings at home, and after that I'll lengthen them again, so that you will have an excuse to get away."—Tit-Bits.

BE QUICK.

Not a minute should be lost when a child shows symptoms of croup. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy given as soon as the child becomes hoarse, or even after the croupy cough appears, will prevent the attack. It never fails, and is pleasant and safe to take. For sale by R. J. Colston, Denton; Davis druggist, Ridgely, Md.

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and while engaged... ness he chased three men wh... his pocketbook, containing ov... with a corn knife and recove... money.

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Ayer's Pills greatly aid Purely vegetable, gently la...

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When mothers are worried because the children do not gain strength and flesh we say give them Scott's Emulsion.

It is like the penny in the milk because it works and because there is something astonishing about it.

Scott's Emulsion is simply a milk of pure cod liver oil with some hypophosphites especially prepared for delicate stomachs.

Children take to it naturally because they like the taste and the remedy takes to the child because it is so perfectly adapted to their wants.

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